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So perfect then the work appears,
To ask a life of labour'd years ;
But had he sought in days of ours
To gather beauty's fairest flowers,
Not now he had been forc'd to stray,
Through distant climes a devious way,
In thee ***** might he find
Each charm of form and soul combin'd,
In union soft by nature's band
Which he had sought in every land.
And perfect had before him seen
The image of the Cyprian queen.

C. G. M.

*The Elm and the Vine.*

As the elm and the grapevine together are bound,
And in union their branches entwine ;
The vine in the elm a supporter has found
And the elm is adorn'd by the vine.

So should Pleasure and Virtue together unite,
Through the scenes of this wild world to roam ;
Each finds in the other a source of delight,
And together how blessed a home.

If the vine unprotected be suffered to spread,
And at random its branches to shape ;
Its blossoms are nipp'd by the shade of its bed,
And worthless and sour is the grape.

And pleasure, if sent out to wander alone,
Wherever wild fancy may suit ;
Its loveliness all in a moment is gone,
And bitter, oh bitter the fruit.

The elm how ungracious and rough does it seem,
When single it stands on the plain ;
And virtue but little inviting we deem,
If pleasure be not in her train.

But when pleasure and virtue together combine,
In union unbroken to meet ;
Like the rich luscious grape of the elm and the vine,
The fruit is deliciously sweet.

C. G. M.